THE FAIRIES UP-TO-DATE

PICTURES by Jean de BOSSCHÈRE

VERSES BY
EDWARD & JOSEPH ANTHONY

Class PZ8

Book .A628

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THE FAIRIES UP-TO-DATE

the story teller starts first in the book

THE STORY-TELLER BEGINS

Ho! for the fairies that never sleep!
Ho! for the fairies that never die!
Their lives are strange and their ways
are deep,
Their hearts are happy, their feet are
spry.
We'll borrow the fairies' eyes and peep,
We'll borrow the fairies' wings and fly.

We'll borrow the fairies' ear and hear
News of many a good old friend.
We must borrow their patience, too, I
fear.
It's a long, long tale with a far-off end!
Hush! for the fairy folk are near;
Wings a-fluttering they descend.

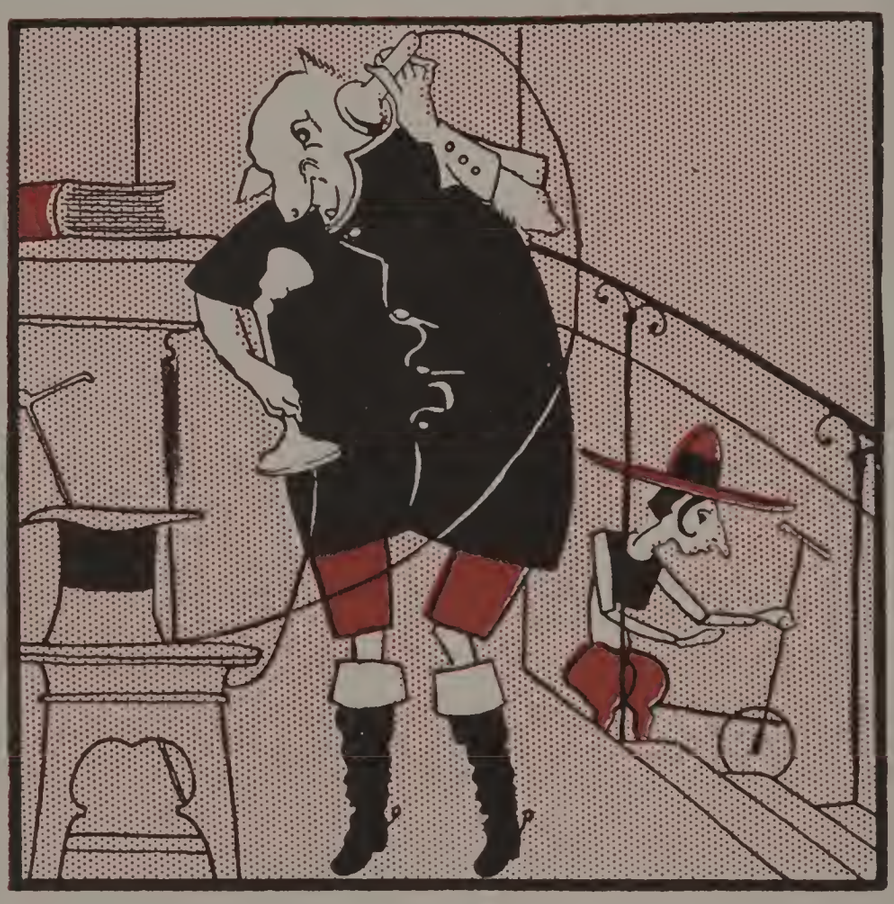
THE NEW STORY OF LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

THE NEW STORY OF LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

Picture I

"For whom those cakes?" the Wolf
inquires.
(Observe the beast's disguise.)
"For grandma dear whose house is
near,"
Red Riding Hood replies.

"She'd make a luscious dinner," thinks
The Wolf, "with proper cooking,"
But dares not eat the maiden sweet
Because the Good Dwarf's looking.



Picture II

Red Riding Hood departs. The Wolf,
A-chuckle, shows his teeth,
And telephones in muffled tones
The message underneath:—

"Grandmother? This is Riding Hood,"
(The Dwarf hears all, O boon)—
"Poor mother's ill and hopes you will
Be running over soon."

Picture III

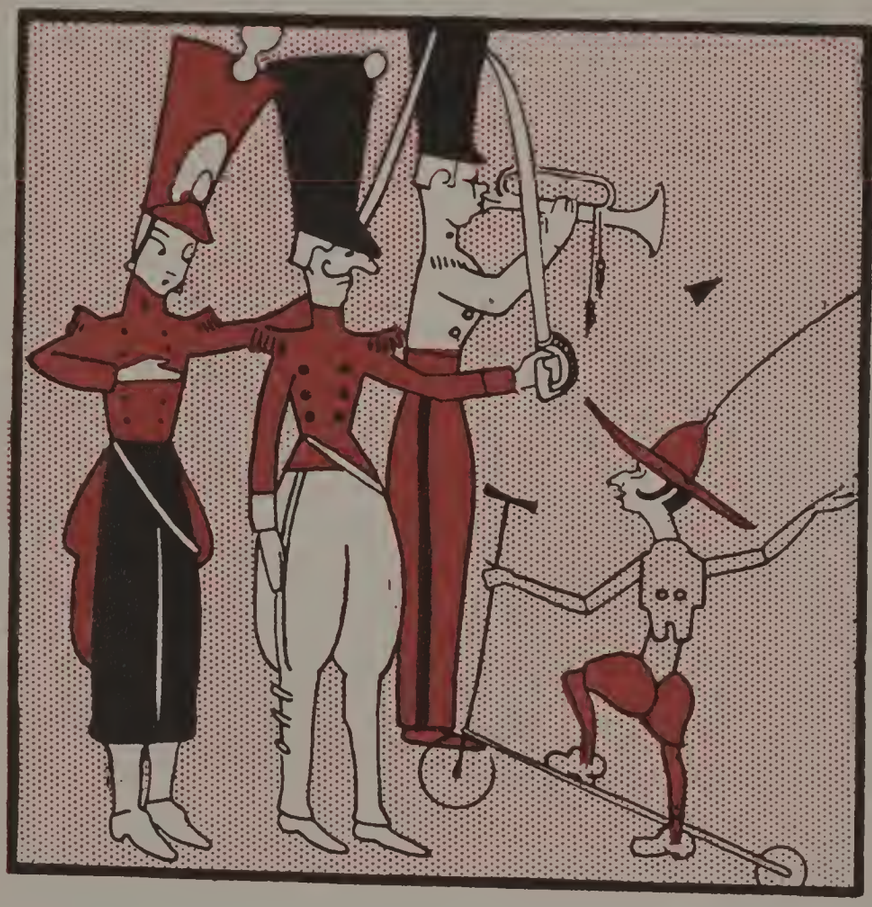
The dog-rose and the dandelion
On every hillock nod,
The foxglove too (a lovely blue)
But not a wolf—thank God!

Red Riding Hood for granny plucks
These pretties on the hill, O!—
The tiger-lily tame (how silly!)
And purring pussywillow.

Picture IV

When granny hears the news untrue
That Wolfie telephones,
She cries, "Oh, dear!" (which isn't
queer)
And, plainly worried, groans.

And dashes out, despite her age,
To bring Red Riding's mother
Some herbs and teas, and things like
these,
The little germs to smother.



Picture V

Who's in that scooter, scooting by
So fast it is a blur?
Our dwarfish friend who hopes to end
The wolfish deeds astir.

He warns the soldiers, "Catch that
wolf!
The fellow is a knave."
The soldiers bow and gravely vow
Red Riding Hood to save.

Picture VI

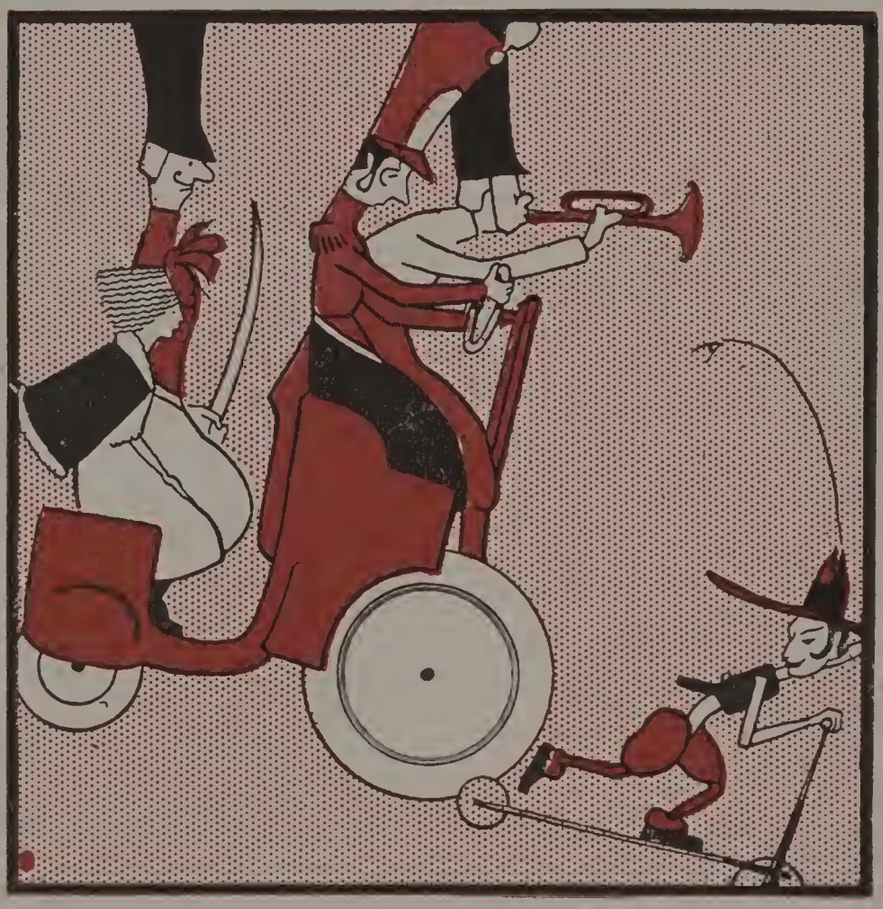
Red Riding Hood when she arrives
Finds granny isn't there,
And musing, "I'll sit down a while,"
Soon snoozes in her chair.

The Wolf is near! A mile behind,
In some one's borrowed car,
The soldiers come! (I hear a drum
A-beating from afar.)

Picture VII

Poor child! The Wolf is at the door!
(A fact you can't dispute.)
He does not knock, but picks the lock
And enters, nasty brute.

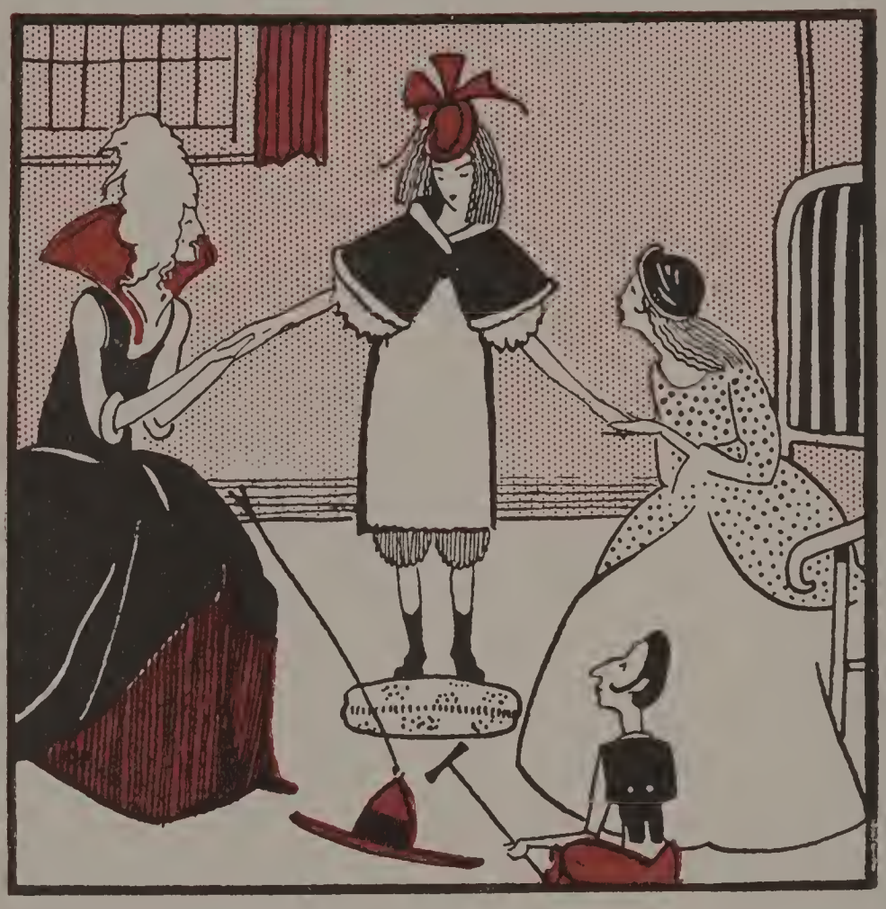
The child, awakening with a smile,
Says, "Pardon! Did I snore?"
The Wolf's disguise deceives her eyes
As it had done before.



Picture VIII

"You'll soon be sleeping evermore,
And sleep for girls is good,"
The Wolf declares as he prepares
To spring at Riding Hood.

That very instant, led by Dwarf,
The soldiers reach the place
And stab and shoot, and soon the brute
Is lying on his face.



Picture IX

A glad re-union then is held,
As you can plainly see.
I'd do the same (upon my name!)
If some one rescued me.

I hope the Wolf his lesson learned:
That creatures that are rough
Achieve the blade. . . . I hear he made
A lovely scarf and muff.

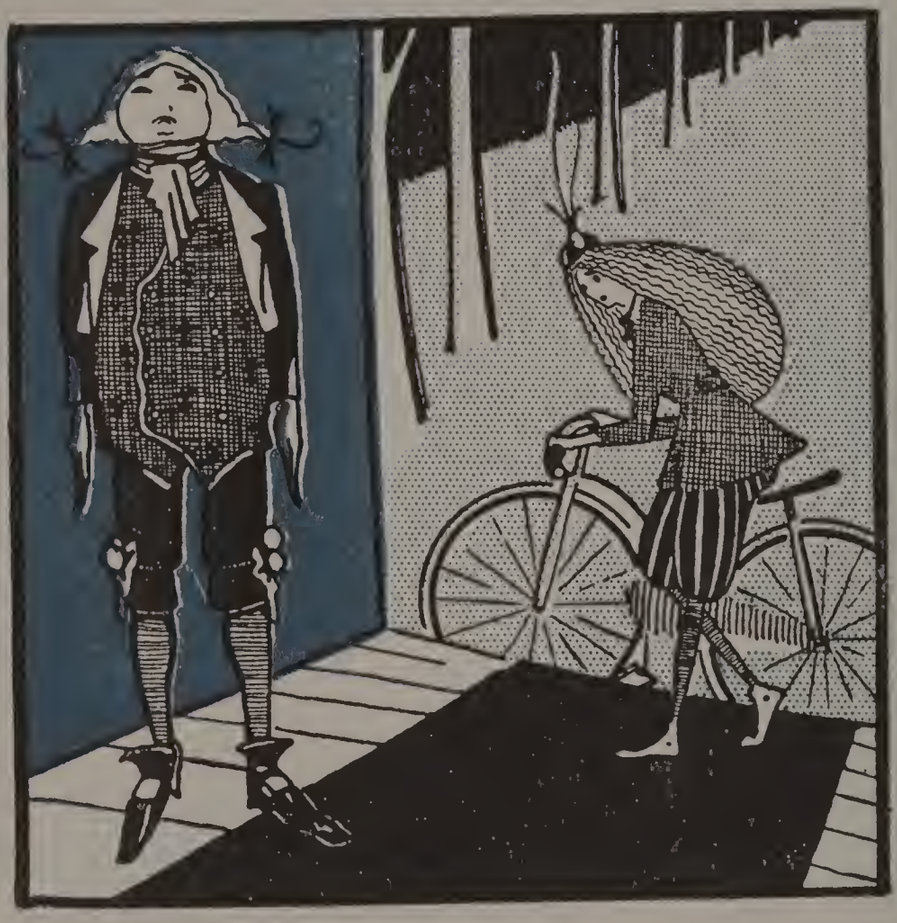
THE NEW STORY OF SLEEPING BEAUTY

THE NEW STORY OF SLEEPING BEAUTY

Picture I

A child at last! The queen and king
Are happy as can be.
To celebrate their daughterling
They give a royal tea,
And ask the fairies neighbouring
To join the jubilee.

The fairies all give blessings sweet,
Except an impolite
Old withered one who says with heat,
"At seventeen this mite
The ugliest thing on earth will meet
And die at once of fright."



Picture 11

The withered fairy wishes last
And so the curse will stay,
Unless some fairy, going past,
Will drive the spell away.
One fairy's missing; if she's fast
She yet may save the day.

She comes! A-cycle! (I believe
The darling missed her train.)
And tells the monarch, "Do not grieve,
I realise your pain,
But I have something up my sleeve
That I will now explain:—

Picture III

"That 'ugliest thing' won't make
her die,
As Wicked Fairy said;
If daughter looks it in the eye
'Twill topple over dead,
And then a Prince from out the sky
Will drop, the child to wed" . . .

A bravery course (I wrote the book)
Is ordered by the throne
So that the child one day may look
At ogres and not groan.
Her courage grows. She leaps a brook
When only twelve, as shown.

Picture IV

"To look at demons she must dare
And not have wobbly knees,"
Her father vows, and to prepare
Her for emergencies,
One day he has her fight a bear.
She masters it with ease.

To whip a bear, I stoutly claim,
Is very hard to do,
Especially one that isn't tame
And wants to swallow you.
The children who can do the same
Are very, very few.

Picture V

Her courage grows as she grows older,
One day three robbers lie
In waiting for her. Being bolder
Than either you or I,
She glances at them o'er her shoulder
And, badly scared, they fly.

Which proves that she's no Sleeping
Beauty,
But very much awake;
She simply says in accents flutey,
"You've made a big mistake
If you expect to get some booty,"—
No wonder that they quake.

Picture VI

Three princes visit her to sing
Love sonnets in her ear,
But promptly cease their carolling
The day—(alas!)—they hear
That when she meets the ugliest thing
On earth, she'll die, poor dear.

And since her seventeenth birthday,
when
The ogre she will meet,
Is near, I hardly blame the men,
For wedlock's indiscreet
With one who's leaving there and then
For Heaven's far retreat.

Picture VII

The day the child is seventeen
The Wicked Fairy hides,
For none, she knows, of uglier mien
In all the world abides,
And if by Beauty she is seen
And fearless B. decides

To look her squarely in the eye,
She, not dear Beauty, will
(According to prediction) die,
And death's a bitter pill;
So Wicked Fairy heaves a sigh
And feels a trifle ill.

Picture VIII

While hunting with a page one day
Miss Beauty meets an old
Bewrinkled hag along the way.
The lad exclaims, "Behold!
There is no uglier object, nay!"
The creature turns to scold

(Dropping the wood she came to pick).
"The Wicked Fairy!" cries
Miss Beauty, gazing in the nick
Of time in Fairy's eyes.
This makes the Wicked Creature sick
And instantly she dies!

HARMIN

Picture IX

That very moment from the sky
A golden 'plane descends
As lightly as a butterfly.
Over the sides there bends
A fair Prince Charming, glad of eye,
Who soon his hand extends

To Beauty, with a pretty bow,
And murmurs, "Be my bride."
"I'd love to," Beauty answers, "now
The Wicked Fairy's died."
And when he's kissed her on the brow,
To Happyland they ride.

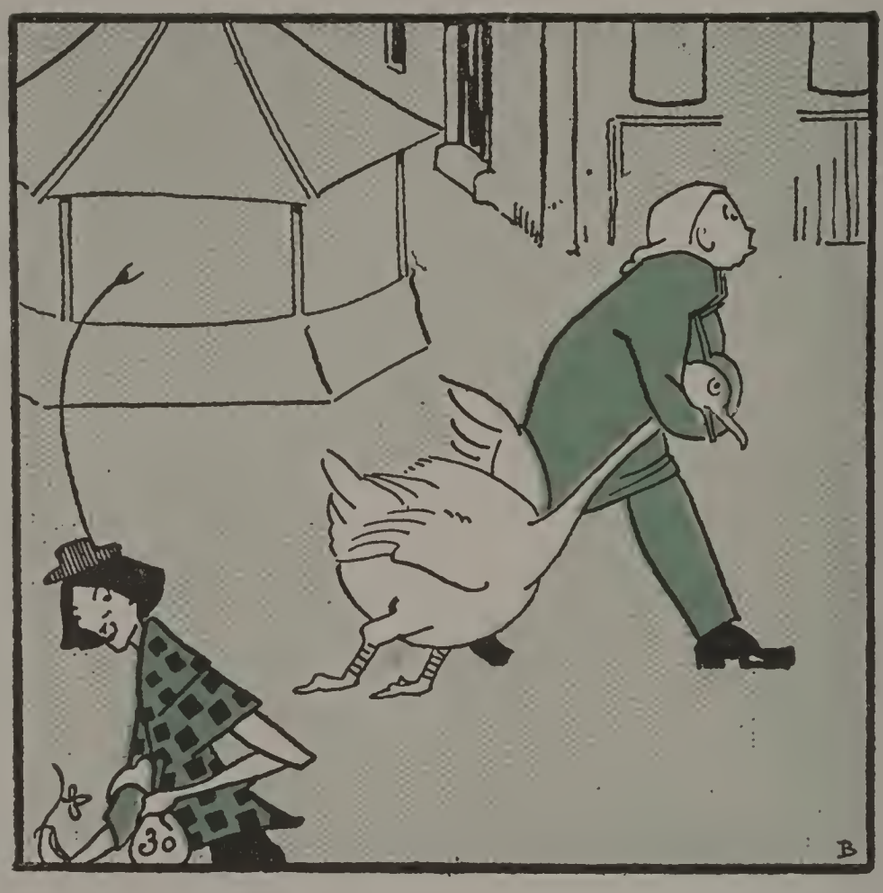
THE NEW STORY OF JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

B

THE NEW STORY OF JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

Picture I

Jack the Giant-killer once
Was thought by all to be a dunce.
His father and his mother said:
"There's only nonsense in your head.
If you're to be of any use,
Go to market with a goose."
And Jack his goose to market brings
With a chain of beans instead of strings.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B

Picture II

No one wants to buy the stalks,
So he sells the goose and home he walks.
Jack, oh Jack, you foolish fellow,
What's the use of a beanstalk yellow?
Jack, oh Jack, you foolish lad,
What will Mother say, and Dad?
For now their only goose is sold,
They'll be cross and they will scold!

30

Picture III

"Let me see your beanstalk, boy!"
Jack obeys, and to his joy,
"Why, this is precious!" cries the
stranger,
"So precious, boy, that you're in danger
In taking it about with you!
I'll tell you, lad, what I will do,
I'll buy it, and I'll give to boot
My lovely brand-new parachute."

30
B

Picture IV

And so, with all his new-won wealth,
Jack goes to travel for his health.
Jack, oh Jack, you silly boy
Thus your parents to annoy!
Don't you know your Mother true
Is sitting up to wait for you?
Jack, before your story's told,
Alas, your dinner will be cold!

Picture V

Says Jack, "If e'er again I sell a
Goose, 'twill be for an umbrella.
I fear, alas, I have no brain!
What good's a parachute for rain?"
And, thinking thus, he saw a tower;
And, fearing now that it may shower,
He raises a most fearful din,
Crying, "Sir, may I come in?"

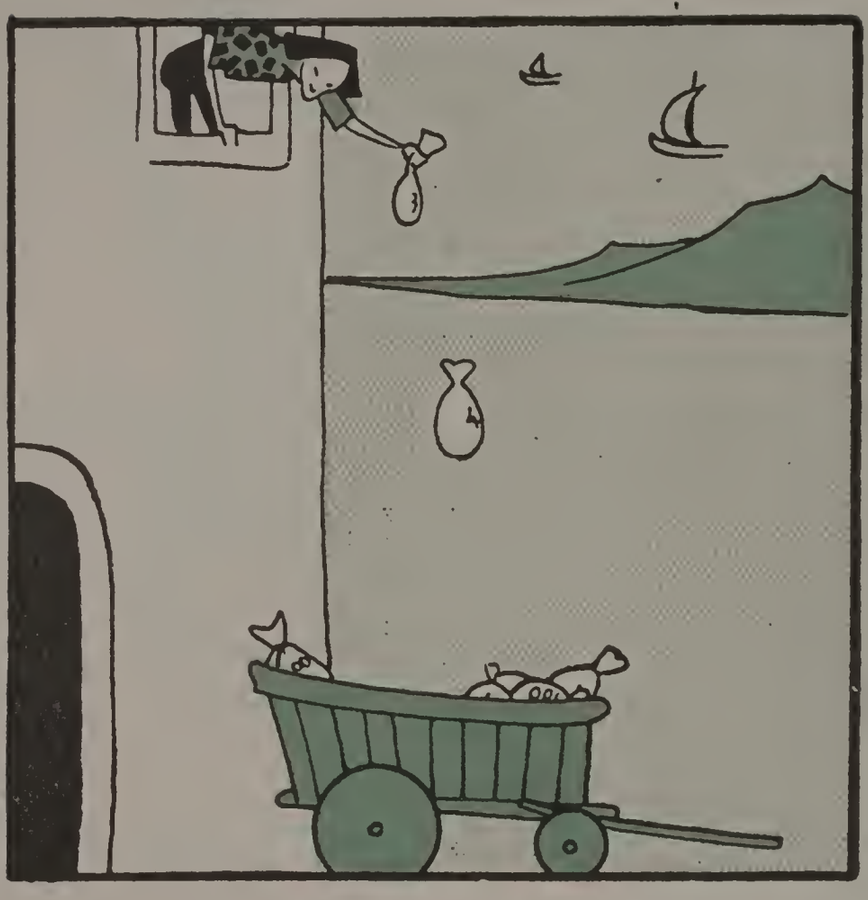
30

Picture VI

The man whom Jack addressed as "Sir,"
Alas! has made him prisoner.
Jack, oh Jack, you silly wight,
What will Mother say to-night?
Now, instead of eating dinner,
You'll be getting thin and thinner.
Jack, if you had just been wiser,
You'd not be caught by this old miser!

Picture VII

But Jack is not downhearted—No!
The parachute! He lets it go,
And out the window gently drifting
(The parachute is most uplifting)
He goes. The villain, loudly cursing
(You see, Jack's murder he's rehearsing),
Rushes Jack's escape to check,
And in an instant breaks his neck.



Picture VIII

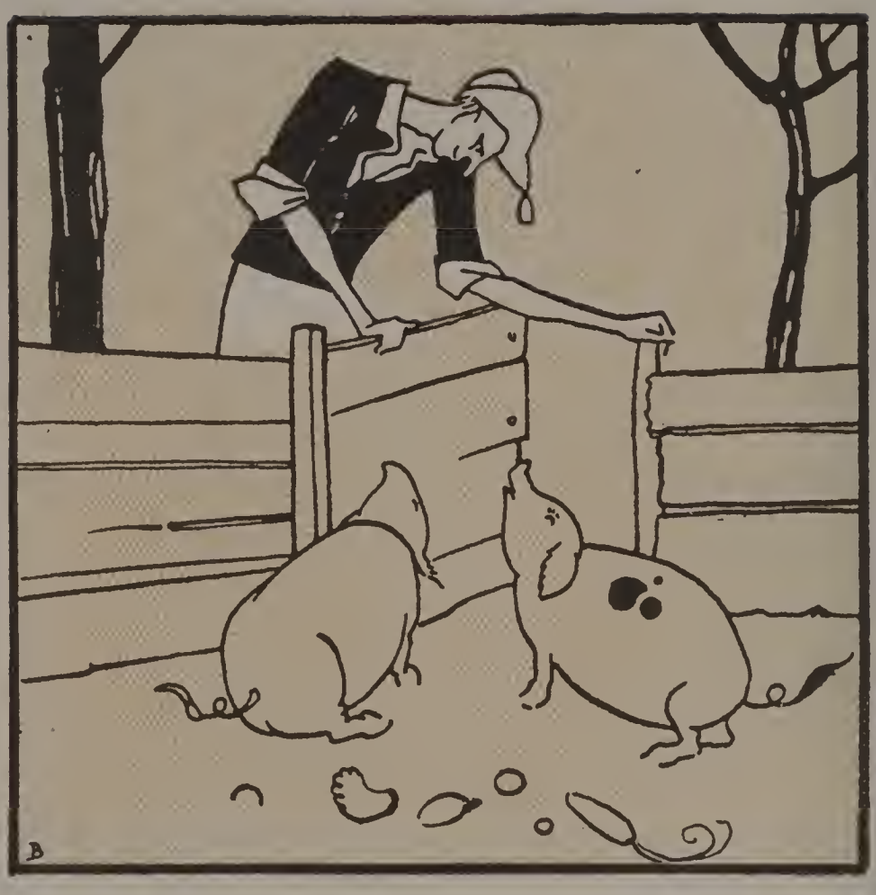
Jack the Giant-killer bold
Returns and takes the villain's gold.
Jack, oh Jack, you clever boy!
Jack, oh Jack, your mother's joy!
Drop the bags into the cart,
Gaily let us homeward start.
Your father and your mother, Jack,
They'll be glad to see you back.

Bosschère

Picture IX

The parents think the story's funny
When Jack goes home with all his money.
He tells about the goose, the stalk,
The parachute, his country walk,
The rain he thought was going to shower,
And the cruel miser in the tower.
His parents cry: "We're glad you've
come!
You have no brains—we'll buy you some!"

THE NEW STORY OF HANSEL AND GRETEL



THE NEW STORY OF HANSEL AND GRETEL

Picture I

Once there were two merry pigs,
All day long they were dancing jigs,
With plenty to eat and plenty to drink,
Nothing to do and nothing to think,
With funny little tales to tell,
And Master John who loved them well.
Hansel and Gretel were their names,
And all day long they were playing games.

WOOD
HOME

Picture II

Every day in the wood they met,
Whether 'twas dry, or the weather was wet,
John, their master, came along,
And used to sing this merry song:
"Men are sometimes pigs, but then,
Pigs are sometimes gentlemen.
So with my merry pigs I play
Happily, the live-long day!"

Picture III

Things go up, but they descend.
Happy days must always end!
Every one, however jolly,
Gets a fit of melancholy;
Pig or person, it's the same,
Fortune plays a funny game.
Walking in the woods one day,
Hans and Gretel lost the way!

Picture IV

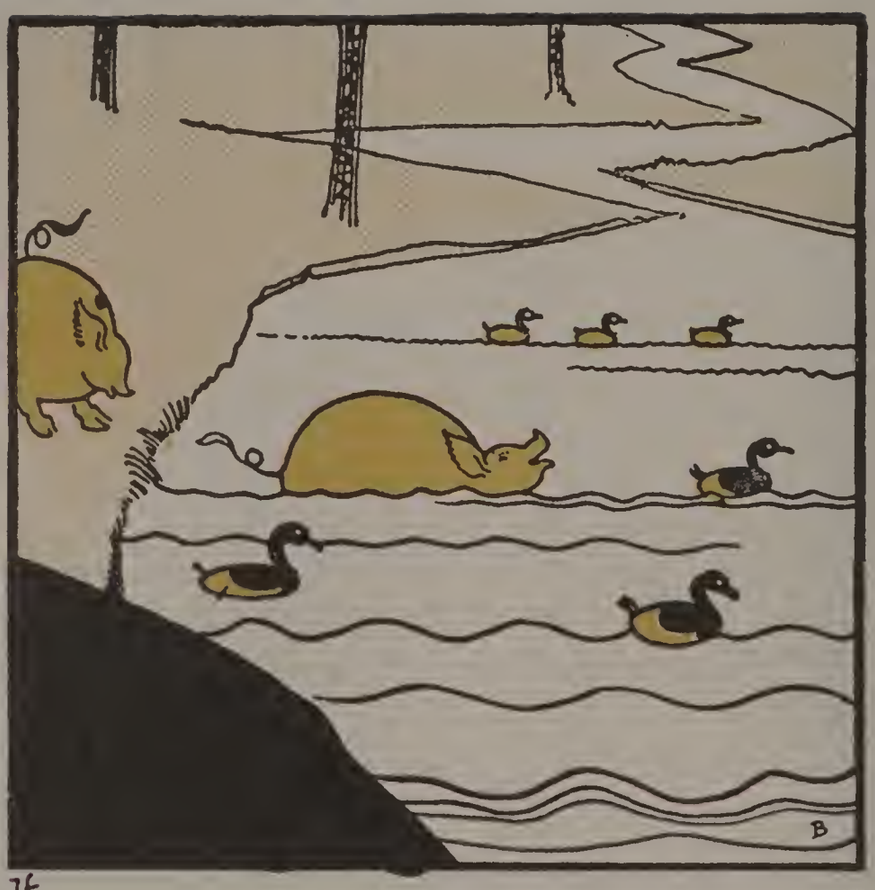
Say our pretty piggies two,
"Well, we know what we will do!
Here's a pretty garden-seat.
Let's come in and let us eat!
When we've had our dinner, maybe
We will learn which way the way be!
Truly, it would be disaster
If we failed to find our master!"

Picture V

This is far from being fun!
Hansel (he's the spotted one)
To a tree is roped and tied.
Gretel's in a cage beside.
By the gardener they're caught.
They'll be sold and they'll be bought.
They'll be killed and eaten too.
Master John, what will he do?

Picture VI

But they don't propose to die.
Gretel is a piggy sly.
One day, while the girl unheeding
Lets them out at time of feeding,
Fattening them both to sell,
She pushes her into the well!
Hansel cries: "Now who's the fool?
Serves you right for being cruel!"



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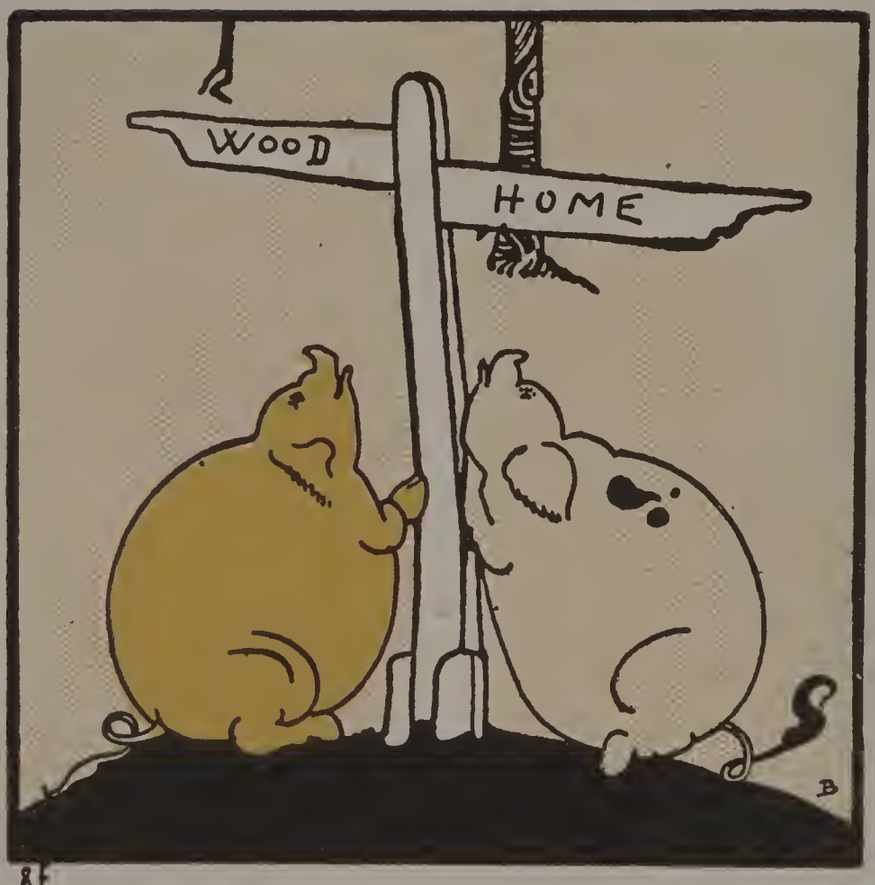
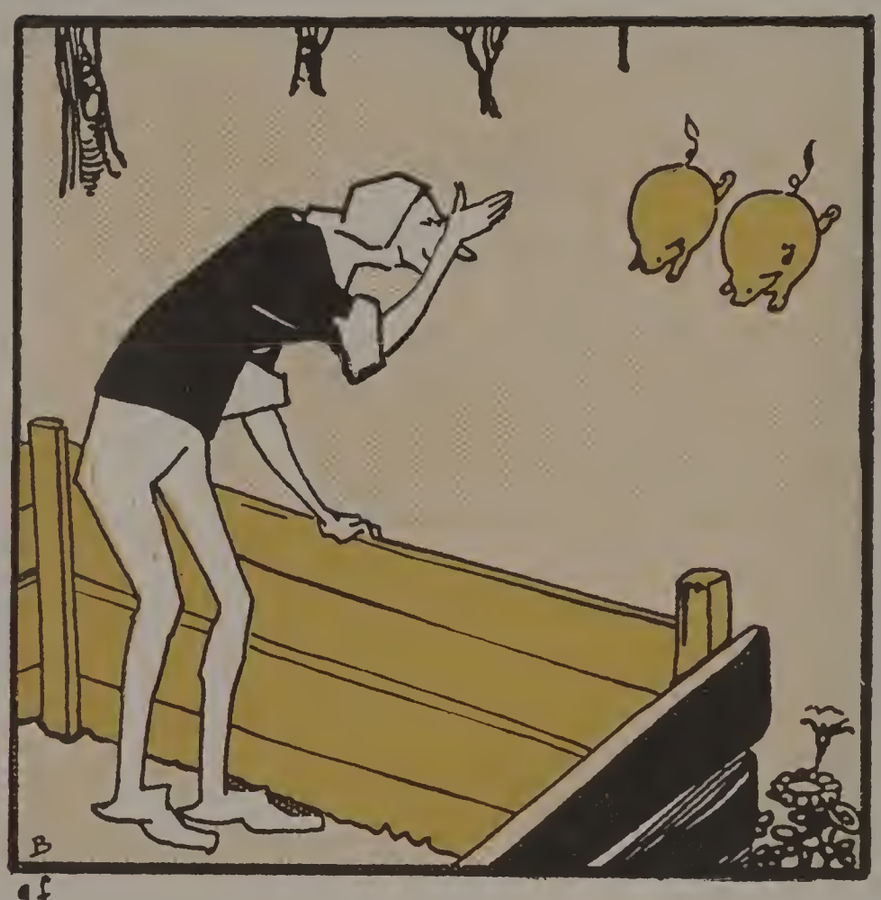
Picture VII

They've escaped and off they roam,
Looking for the pathway home.
But here's a stream, and they can't swim!
Really, things are looking grim.
Gretel cries: "We must have pluck!
We'll learn to swim. Just watch that duck!"
In the stream the piggies plunge.
Floating lightly as a sponge!


WOOD
HOME

Picture VIII

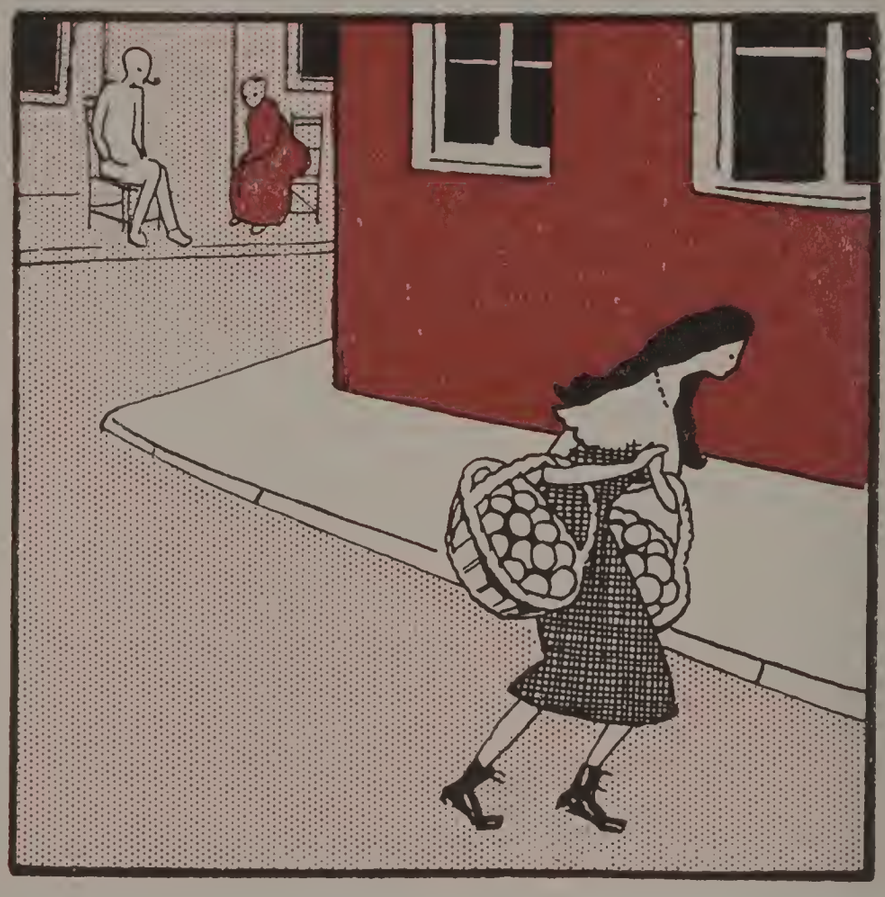
"Here's a sight of joy and rapture!
Now we have escaped from capture!"
Clear as any signpost could,
Here's a signpost in the wood,
Pointing out the path to all,
The fat and lean, the short and tall,
To men with hair, and men with wigs,
To women, children too—and pigs!



Picture IX

"Hansel, Gretel, I am glad
To see you back, though you've been bad!
I feared that you'd been set upon,"
Cries their merry master John.
"We have mouths! Come, let us eat!
And let us dance, since we have feet.
Oh, we're good friends, and we're no prigs,
Though I'm a man, and you are pigs!"

THE NEW STORY OF ELSIE OF THE ASS'S SKIN



THE NEW STORY OF ELSIE OF THE ASS'S SKIN

Picture I

Elsie of the Ass's Skin
(There's a reason for her name)
Sees her parents growing thin,
Starving. (What an awful shame!)

While the cock at morning crows,
Elsie's up and says goodbye,
Out into the world she goes,
To make her fortune,—or—to die!

Picture II

Here's the reason why they call her
  Elsie of the Ass's Skin,
In this cloak, whate'er befall her,
  She goes wrapped, from knees to chin.

Over hill and over stream,
  To a fate that no one knows,
Wandering, as in a dream,
  Pretty, plucky Elsie goes.

Picture III

The lady travellers address her,
Attracted by her pretty face,
And Elsie pauses to confess, her
Only trade is making lace.

"Come with us into the city,"
Say the stranger ladies two,
"If the lace you make is pretty,
We can give you work to do."

Picture IV

Elsie's practising her trade,
  Living in the city now;
See, a veil of lace she's made
  For a high-born lady's brow.

Says the lady: "You are pleasant,
  Sitting here to sew and sing;
I shall give you as a present,
  This, my precious signet ring."

Picture V

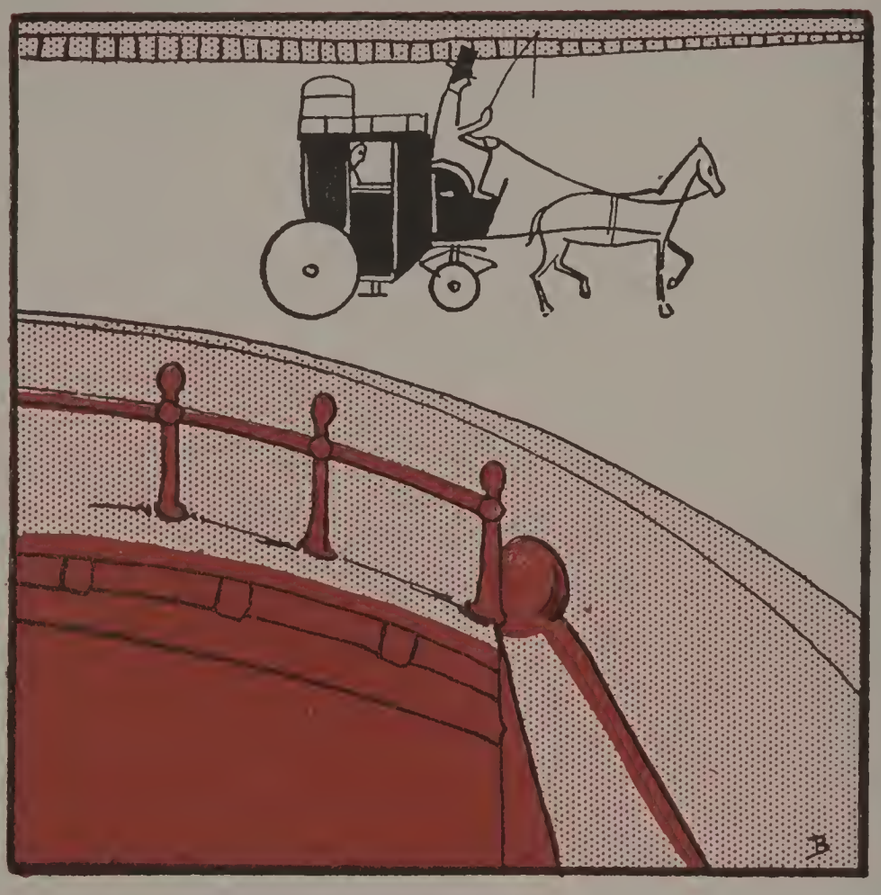
All day long and day by day
  Elsie practises her trade,
Always working, always gay,
  Always brave and unafraid.

Now she's making lovely hats,
  Trimmed with ostrich feathers curled.
Always bright and cheerful—that's
  Why she gets on in the world!

Picture VI

Elsie's customers all ask,
"Can you make us gay as you?"
Elsie undertakes the task,
Herbs of cheerfulness to brew.

Stirring, stirring, all the day,
Elsie of the cheerful soul
Makes the drink to make them gay,
And—drops her ring into the bowl.



Picture VII

All day working in her room,
  Out of doors she doesn't stir
Till one day a coach and groom
  Call—and they have called for her!

On the way she thinks, "I wonder
  Why they've sent for me this coach?
Have I made some awful blunder?
  Shall I have a stern reproach?"

Picture VIII

To the gate a young man rushes,
  Elsie's ring is in his hand,
And he hesitates and blushes,
  Though his manner seems so grand.

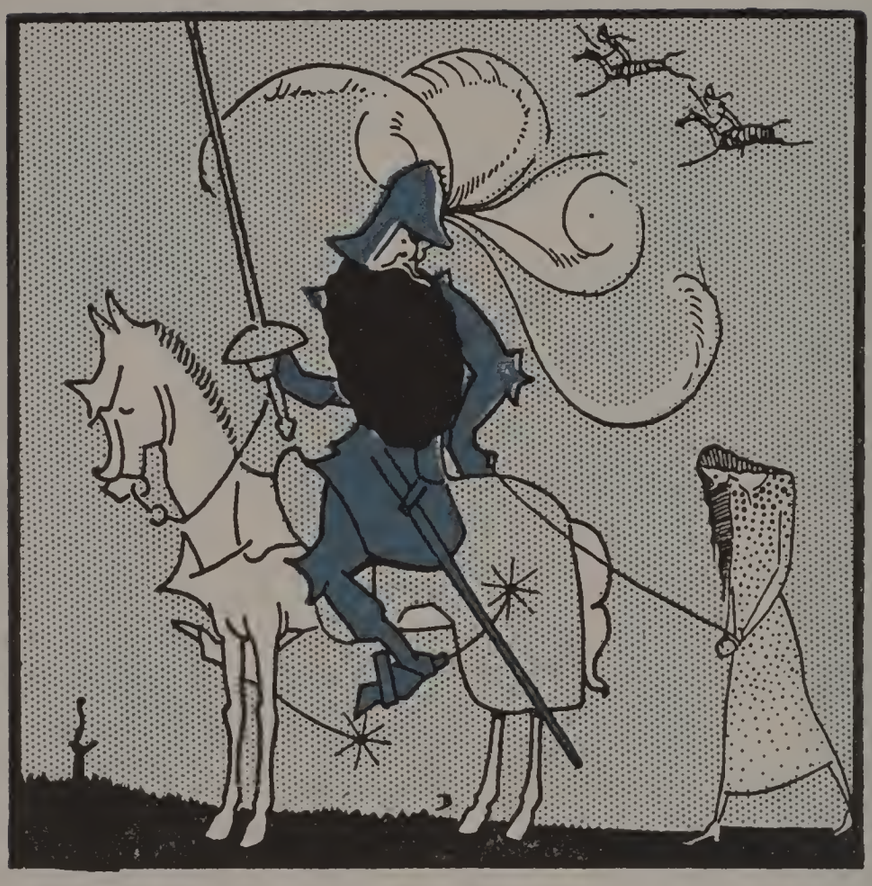
Elsie listens to him stammer:
  "There is magic in your ring,
Such is its unearthly glamour,
  Love eternal it shall bring."

Picture IX

Elsie for her home is yearning,
Where her parents sit a-pining.
Home they go, their hearts a-burning,
Side by side, their arms entwining.

And her loving parents greet her,
And they greet her husband too.
Ever after they entreat her,
"Elsie, tell your story true!"

THE NEW STORY OF BLUEBEARD



THE NEW STORY OF BLUEBEARD

Picture I

"Aha! I've caught a maiden sweet!"
Cries Blue-beard. "She'll be good to eat!
I chose her for her slender waist.
The fat ones aren't to my taste!"
I really cannot mention
The villain's cruel intention;
My courage it would fail—
But the picture tells the tale.

Picture II

But first he tries to win the love
Of that unhappy little dove.
Cries he: "Unless you heed my magic,
Your end will be—well, very tragic!"
The maiden will not yield,
For virtue is her shield.
Behold the villain's rage,
And then—let's turn the page.

Picture III

To love him when he cannot make her,
Enraged, he bids his servant take her,
And cries: "She might have been my
wife.
She'll have me not? She'll have—the
knife!"
Now, will the servant do
What he's commanded to,
And give her to the cook?
We'll turn the page, and look!

Picture IV

The servant has a heart of gold,
And doesn't do as he is told.
In fact—(ask Mother is this true)
It's very seldom servants do!
Instead, the maid he hides
With Bluebeard's other brides.
I hope he treats her well—
But the picture, it will tell.

Picture V

"A tray of dainties you have brought her,
The girl I ordered you to slaughter.
Aha!" cries Bluebeard (sneaking rat),
"I swear that you shall die for that!"
The danger that has hovered
Returns—they are discovered.
Now what's the man to do?—
But the picture tells us true.

Picture VI

The servant does not wish to die,
And, seeing horsemen riding by,
He signals with his flowing beard—
A sight that is distinctly weird!
Oh, will the horsemen see
The strange and frantic plea
Of the servant old and hoary?
—The picture tells the story.

Picture VII

Too late, for as the old man dreaded,
He is about to be beheaded.
The knife is lifted with a flash
To make the horrid, deadly gash!
But the knife has not descended,
The story isn't ended,
The villain still may fail,
Next picture tells the tale!

Picture VIII

Oh, joy! A rescue! All enraptured
They see their cruel captor captured.
And Bluebeard, that old monster, who
Was heartless, shall be headless, too!
The maidens fair are free,
A pretty sight to see,
And no one will be vexed
At the picture coming next.

Bosschere

Picture IX

The picture shows us, sure enough,
The end of Bluebeard will be rough—
They've placed him on a desert isle,
And there he sits awaiting trial.
That's all I have to tell,
And if you like it well,
I pray, give me no glory,
The picture told the story!

THE NEW STORY OF PUSS IN BOOTS

B

THE NEW STORY OF PUSS IN BOOTS

Picture I

Poor Master William bows his head,
  His only wealth is Tom, his cat;
And that, when all is done and said
  Is nothing much—he can't eat that!

Now Pussy's also very sad,
  He loves his kindly master, Will.
Says Tom: "This situation's bad,
  I must help Master with my skill."

Picture II

Now, Master's made a statuette,
But statues are not good to eat;
Says Puss: "I'll settle that, you bet!"
And puts his boots upon his feet.

"I'm on my way to see Lord Lincoln,"
Quoth Puss, "to show my Master's
statues.
He spends his wealth on food and drinkin',
He'll be amused to see my cat-shoes."

B

Picture III

The statue pleased his Lordship's daughter,
  But doesn't seem to please Milord.
"Oh, buy it, Pa!" "I hadn't oughter."
  (His grammar's bad when he is bored.)

And so, though Pussy shows his wares,
  And Mary's almost on her knees,
It is no use, and Puss prepares
  To send the statue overseas.

Picture IV

If now you don't say Puss is clever
I'll think that you're most awful mean.
He reads the paper—did you ever
See any Pussy half so keen?

With joy our Pussy sneezes—Kat-chu!
He's read this in the "Foreign Mart":
"The man who carved that lovely statue
Has carved his way into my heart."

B

Picture V

Now look! he's stealing Master's hat,
His coat and other things besides.
I didn't think he'd act like that,
Did you? And all the clothes he hides.

Now artful Puss, his paws he wrings,
And runs along the roadside, crying:
"A thief has stolen Master's things.
Oh, help! With shame my Master's
dying!"

Picture VI

And who should hear but great Lord
Lincoln!
(The lord who always drops his G's).
Quoth he: "Your master isn't sinkin',
So stop your racket, if you please!

"For nakedness I have a loathin',
It always seems so—well, absurd.
I'll give your noble master clothin'."
He suits the action to the word.

B

Picture VII

But now our friends don't stop to rest up,
They're off in Lincoln's nice new six.
Our William rides along, all dressed up,
While Puss again is up to tricks.

"Who built that buildin'?" cries Milord.
A voice replies, "I'll tell you true!
The man who sits beside your ward!"
(He's saying what Puss told him to.)

Picture VIII

Good William, in his gay attire,
  Leaves Mary's Pa, who is not wroth,
And satisfies his heart's desire
  By plighting lovely Mary's troth.

Our Pussy now is very proud
  To see his Master William's pluck,
And if the circumstance allowed
  He'd wish them both the best of luck.

B

Picture IX

On what are Puss and William bent
With all that tray of statuettes?
To answer the advertisement,
For neither Puss nor Will forgets

That in a far, far distant land
A kind, rich merchant advertises,
He'd love to see the man whose hand
Has made the statues that he prizes.

B

Picture X

Now this is sad—and most exciting!
The good rich man he lies a-dying,
While two great lawyer men are writing
(You can't see Will, but he is crying).

And can you guess the deed of death
The lawyer's writing with his quill?
I'll tell you—with his dying breath
The man leaves all his wealth to Will.

B

Picture XI

They're flying in an aeroplane,
  The man, the girl, the Pussy true.
And they've no reason to complain.
  For time is quickly flying, too.

I wish that I were William now,
  And had a 'plane, a girl like this,
And a golden ring to seal the vow.
  Well, that is my idea of bliss!

Bosschère

Picture XII

This is the last, but not the least
  Of our array of pictures true;
They're marching to the wedding feast,
  I wish I were invited too!

The bells ring out, the banquet's set,
  With everything arranged to please—
The bride and groom, the statuette,
  And Mary's Pa, who drops his G's.

THE NEW STORY OF HOP-O'-MY-THUMB

B

THE NEW STORY OF HOP-O'-MY-THUMB

Picture I

Who is the stranger who's suddenly come
To see Marianna and Hop-o'-my-Thumb?
I'll tell you—the girl and her wee little
brother
Are left all alone by their father and mother.
The stranger's a thief and he's been drinking
rum!
The house is all shattered—
In war it was battered,
And both of the children are terribly glum.

B

Picture II

See how they plan to possess the whole
home,
The thief and his wife! But still as a
gnome
Hop-o'-my-Thumb has climbed onto a chest
And listening, hears the tall stranger suggest
That they take him all day in the forest to
roam,
And lose him that way,
And make sister stay
To wait on the woman with brush and with
comb.

B

Picture III

Hop-o'-my-Thumb and his sister, they flee.
"They shan't catch you, and they shan't
catch me,"
Says Hop-o'-my-Thumb. But a way he
needs
To show the path home, so he's dropping
some beads.
But a girl sees the trinkets, and great is
her glee.
And the girl says with joy,
"What a fool is that boy!
"If he doesn't want them, I do," says she.

Picture IV

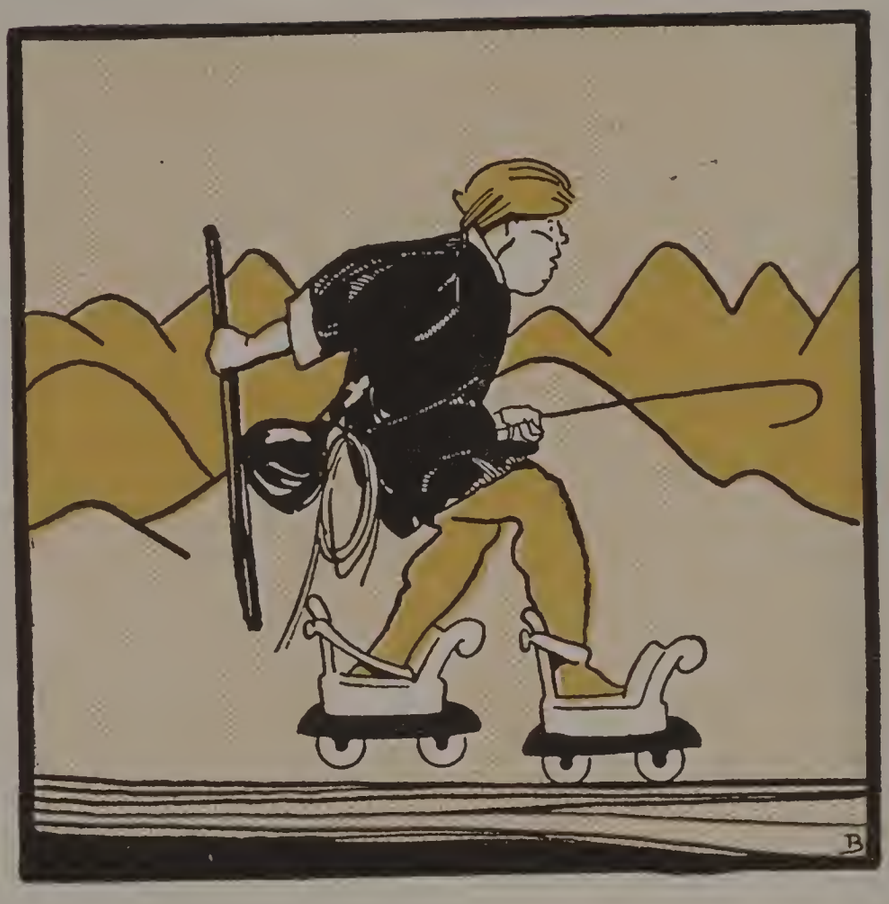
Hop-o'-my-Thumb is climbing a tree,
And though the way's lost, he's happy to see
A house and a chimney and ribbons of smoke.
Says Hop-o'-my-Thumb: "We must call on those folk
And ask them for shelter for you and for me!"
And clambering down,
He says: "Sister, don't frown!
I'll find the way out, and we soon will be free."

Picture V

And here is a picture I needn't explain—
They kneel on the doorstep and pray to remain.
Says Hop-o'-my-Thumb: "I know we are bold,
But the evening is dark and the weather is cold,
The sky is so black and I fear it will rain!"
The lady agrees—
But if you will please
Turn the page over, you'll see 'tis in vain!

Picture VI

The good lady's husband has come from the war
With a box full of gold. Like a pig, he wants more,
And hearing the story of Hop-o'-my-Thumb,
"Aha!" says the villain. "I'm glad he has come!
I'll show him to soldiers. They'll come by the score.
What a show it will be
And how pleasant for me,
He'll do all the work and I'll sit at the door!"



Picture VII

No sooner than Hop-o'-my-Thumb has
heard,
He's running away as fast as a bird.
But see how the soldier our hero pursues,
With automobiles in place of his shoes!
They're fast as the wind, though they look
absurd.
Cries he: "I will catch
The wee rascal, and snatch
His sister as well, you can take my word."

Picture VIII

Alas for Hop-o'-my-Thumb and his hopes!
Marianna is captured and fastened with ropes.
But look! In a mole-hill the boy disappears
And whispers: "Dear sister, pray dry up your tears!"
There, in the shade of the mountainous slopes,
Ere the villain has missed her
He cuts loose his sister,
They flee, while the stupid man drowses and mopes!

B

Picture IX

They've taken his shoes, and away they are
stealing,
The lad on the head of his sister is kneeling,
The shoes, as I've mentioned, are somewhat
absurd,
But they're quick as the wind, and as light
as a bird.
"Oh, sister, be quick!" our hero's appealing,
"Or the soldier will catch us
And once again snatch us!"
Over the meadows the two go a-wheeling.

B

Picture X

And now, as you see, the youngster who braved
The ruffian's anger is happily saved.
He's earning a salary, carrying orders
For General Jenkins, who watches the borders.
As long as the General's banner is waved,
No soldier can harm him,
No danger alarm him.
When later he woke how the soldier man raved!

B

Picture XI

I'm wondering if you remember still
The beads that were dropped at the foot of
a hill.
One day coming home with his car full of
gold
Hop meets a fair maiden and stops to behold.
He gazes, and gazes, and gazes, until
"Oh, maiden," he cries,
As he looks in her eyes,
"You can show the way homeward, if only
you will!"

Bosschère

Picture XII

The maiden with whom our hero pleads
Is wearing a necklace of beautiful beads,
The beads he intended to show the way
home,
When first he and sister, they started to
roam.
The maiden is kind, and his prayer she
heeds.
His father and mother,
They hug one another,
With joy at the tale of his wonderful deeds!

THE NEW STORY OF CINDERELLA

THE NEW STORY OF CINDERELLA

Picture I

Cinderella has two sisters
And each one laughs at her and scorns:
"Our noses have big blisters,
Our feet have great big corns!
We are pretty. We are beauties,
Your nose and feet are small!
You shall do the household duties,
We are going to the ball!"

Picture II

On the way they sing a ditty:
"We have nice, enormous feet!
We are lovely, we are pretty,
Aren't crooked noses sweet?
Praise to Heaven for its bounty,
For the way our noses grew,
We're the ladies of the county.
And we're handsome ladies too!"

Picture III

A pedlar comes and cries: "I'll sell a
Doll, a dress, a pretty stone."
"I cannot buy," says Cinderella,
"I'm shut up in the house alone."
"I'll free you, lady," says the pedlar,
"I like you for your pretty nose,
I'm not known to be a meddler,
But you're pretty as a rose!"

Picture IV

"Come and ride behind my donkey,
You shall wear my nicest shawl!
I've no livery or flunkey,
But I'll take you to the ball!
Come with me, my pretty maiden,
Lady of the tiny feet,
You shall go with jewels laden,
Riding on my wagon-seat."

Picture V

The music's playing. They are dancing,
Each on five enormous toes.
All about the ballroom prancing,
Each admires the other's nose.
But Cinderella's sore affrighted,
She's a bad attack of blues,
Fearing lest the ball be blighted
By her tiny dancing shoes.

Picture VI

Caught! The sisters have been spying.
See! They're chasing her away.
Home goes Cinderella flying,
Not for her the ballroom gay!
No, the maid must go and languish,
Through no fault of hers at all,
She must suffer all this anguish
'Cause her nose and feet are small.

Picture VII

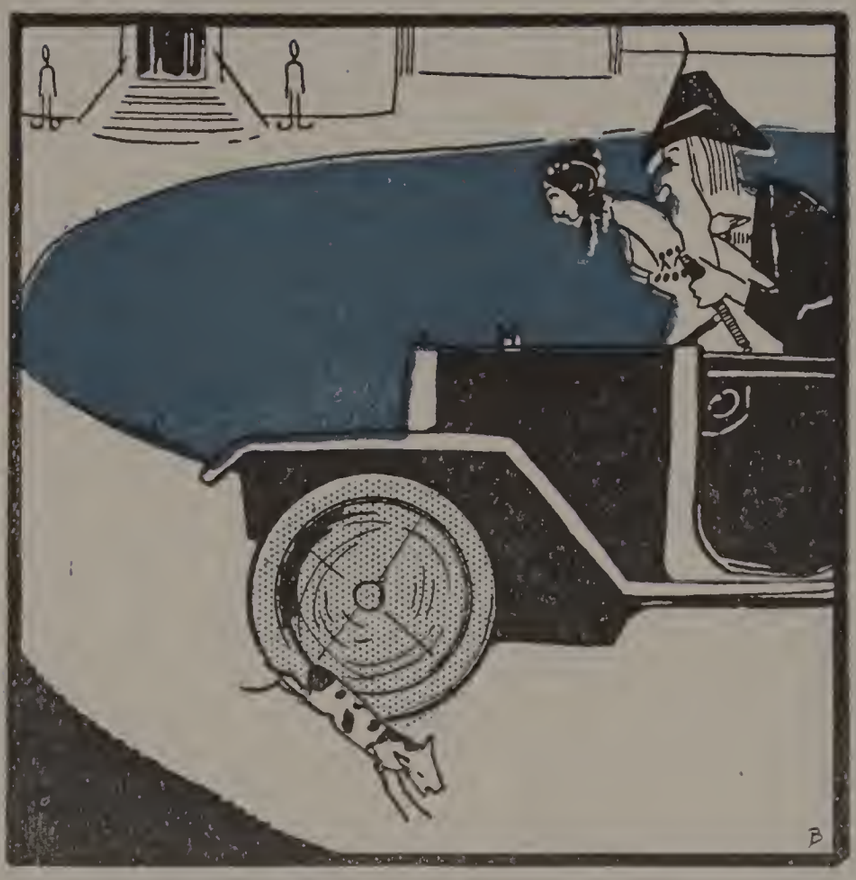
He's a Prince, this youth so chipper,
Looking like a millionaire,
Saying, "She who dropped this slipper
Surely is a maiden fair.
Come," says he, "I must not linger!
By my princely honour true,
I've a ring to fit the finger
Of the maid who fits this shoe!"

Picture VIII

See—they've made a proclamation.
Alert, the messengers await
To bear the news to all the nation
Of the Prince's love-lorn state.
Messengers are called in batches,
Carrying the weighty news,
Tons and tons of State despatches
Concerning Cinderella's shoes!

Picture IX

"Noble Princeling, I can tell you
Who she is, the maiden fair,"
Cries the pedlar ("and I'll sell you
Ribbons for her lovely hair).
These are her sisters," he announces,
"Ugly though they are—and cruel,
Punish them (and buy my flounces
And my laces by the spool)."



Picture X

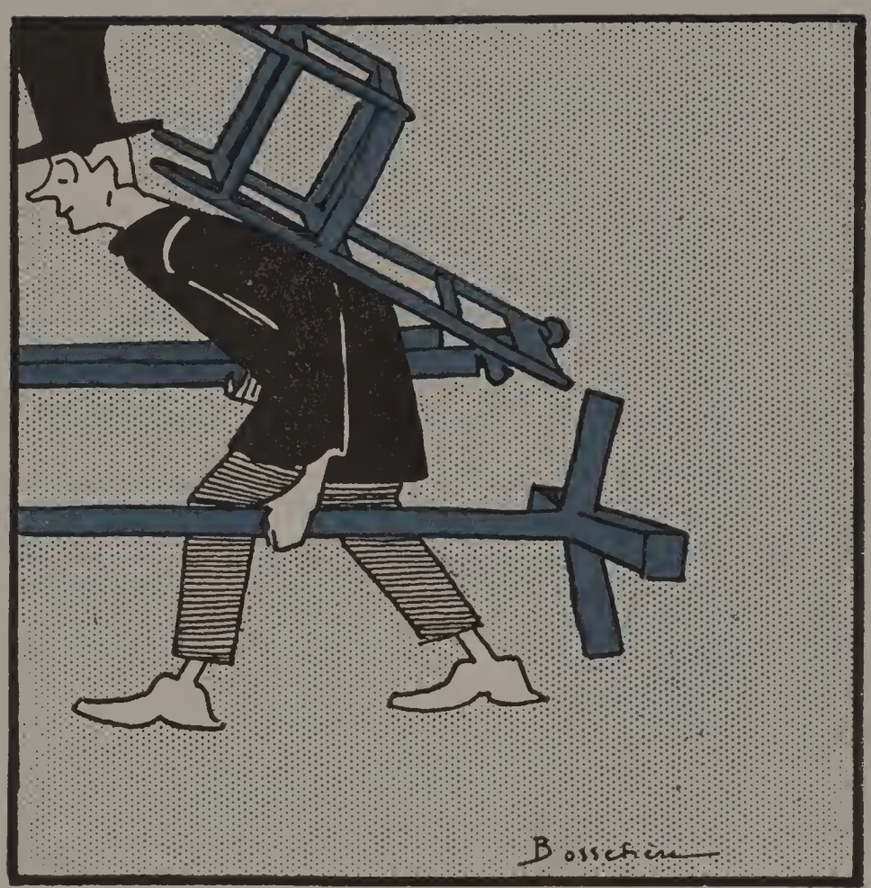
By the messenger she's captured,
In the Prince's car she's brought,
Cinderella, all enraptured,
By a princely suitor sought.
The tiny shoe is in the palace,
It will fit her like a glove;
She who was pursued with malice,
Soon will be pursued with love!

Picture XI

"Maid of pretty airs and graces,
Whom your sisters used to mock,
I have bought you rings and laces,
All the friendly pedlar's stock.
Come, your pretty foot uncover!"
Cries the Prince, upon his knees,
"Cinderella, I'm your lover,
Marry me, sweet maiden—please!"

Picture XII

Wedding bells are wildly pealing,
Through the whole rejoicing land,
See the loving couple stealing
To a far, far-distant strand.
And they say the Prince's passion
For our Cinderella sweet
Set a new, unheard-of fashion—
Noses straight, and tiny feet!


Bosschere

THE STORY-TELLER SAYS GOOD-BYE

The show is over. The story's told.
Perhaps I will tell you, before I'm dead,
A tale of the days when knights were bold.
But the night is dark, and I'm going to bed.
I have taken my pay in fairy gold,
I'm a friend of the fairies, as I have said.

But, reader, a word before I go
(I'm going soon, and my feet are spry).
You have heard my tale, and you've seen
my show,
And you know that the fairies never die.
(I have packed my bundle—I shan't be slow,
I'm going now, for I've said good-bye.)

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